

JACK DEMPSEY HAS ANOTHER BATTLE ON, INVOLVING \$200,000

CHAMPION GOING TO BATAVIA TO DEFEND HIS BANKROLL

Heavyweight Champion Being Sued for Moving Picture Profits by Man Who Claims to Have Shown Him the Way to Film-land, and Legal Bout Is Scheduled in Up-State Courts Oct. 3—Back from West, Dempsey Looks in Fine Condition, With Nothing to Do but Kill Time and Pay the Staggering Expenses Thereof.

By Vincent Treanor.

HEAVYWEIGHT Champion Jack Dempsey has another battle on. It is scheduled for Oct. 3 at Batavia, N. Y. There will be no championship at stake this time, but \$200,000, more or less, of the Dempsey bankroll hinge on its result. Frank Spellman, an up-State nobler of fortune, is Jack's opponent. If the attraction were advertised in a Tex Rickard, it might be titled "SEPARATING A CHAMPION FROM HIS MONEY." Spellman claims he put Dempsey in the movies and got nothing out of the profits. Now he has started to fight for them—in the courts, of course. Let's see; who was it put President Harding in the pictures? That's another story.

Dempsey did get into the movies somehow or other after he made himself worth while as a screen attraction by knocking out Jess Willard. Before that he wasn't worth a quarter as a subject for filming. But as a champion pugilist, well, there we have another story.

Spellman claims in the preliminary controversy leading up to the Batavia final bout that but for him Dempsey might have remained an unknown hero in film land.

He it was who unearthed the champion as a movie possibility. He it was who chased himself out of breath arranging details for Dempsey's first shot at the camera game, and he it was who dug up backers, made contracts, all to the end that Dempsey might exhibit his athletic and pugilistic prowess to a palpitating public.

DEMPSEY had a manager all this time, the same being Jack Kearns, or "Doc," who had then, and still has, the "say so" privilege in everything which concerns the champion, but that didn't stop Frank Spellman. Wise bird he is, evidently. He showed Jack the way, at least he claims he did, and then apparently without the knowledge of Dempsey or his manager, Kearns, "declared himself in."

Jack did his bit before the camera, worked like a Trojan for a month or more. He never had such a tough time in training. He knocked out a flock of husky rough housers every day while the old machine clicked, was battered up some himself, and finally considerable picture was produced. It was good, if not exactly a scream, but it made money. It might have made plenty at a more favorable time. (This was just before the slacker trial in San Francisco.) But Jack never got to the retiring point from its proceeds, no indeed.

He was pretty nearly broke at the time. The money he received from the Willard fight hardly got him out of Toledo. The movie stunt was certainly not a fortune maker. But Jack still had his championship and it is a big asset. He was on his way to make real money and this fact didn't escape friend Spellman. Hence the Batavia suit, with the \$200,000 attachment to which the up-State opponent thinks himself entitled.

JACK had to put in a year of worries, leading up to his recent fight with Georges Carpentier. He had to train nearly six months in the dark, as it were, not knowing where the battle was to be staged. He had to live down a lot of unfair criticism. Only Jack himself knows of the hundred and one obstacles that seemed to block his way to popular victory. And for it all he received \$100,000 minus taxes of various descriptions. This purse, tremendous as it appeared at first glance, represented nearly a year of the champion's life, yet the Batavia suit was a jiffy, if it goes against Dempsey. Not only that but there will be lawyers' pay, railroad expenses, time and trouble, and peace of mind until the suit is decided. If Dempsey were just plain Luke McLuke, no one would be interested in his money; but he is champion of the world, and as such a good pickling for anybody with an imaginary claim against him.

DEMPSEY was out at Belmont Park yesterday afternoon in company with his manager, Kearns. He is back from a visit to his mother out West. He took a chair on the club house lawn, and for a few minutes no one knew of his presence. Finally he was noticed and the news spread rapidly. Men and women temporarily forgot all about the horses. Those at a distance levelled glasses at him, and others left their seats to get a close-up of the tall, athletic-looking chap. Finally the rail separating the club house from the grand stand proper was lined with curious onlookers, all anxious to size up the pugilistic hero of the day.

The line doubled and tripled, and finally shouts of "Hello, Jack" were heard. This was the first that Jack knew of the attention he had attracted. He had hoped that he wouldn't be discovered. He began waving back to his unknown admirers. Twice he got up and walked over to the fence and shook hands with some of them, said "Hello" and "Good to know you" to others who reached out for his million-dollar mitt. One thing about Dempsey is that he is friendly and democratic. Nothing gruff or upstate in his make-up. Jeffries was different; so were Corbett and Fitzsimmons. They had to be followed and cornered, but Jack

behaves in a crowd like a (disturber) leader. One chap commented him: "I met you in New Orleans." "Oh, yes, I remember," answered Jack, and he meant it, for there is one thing that Dempsey doesn't forget, according to Manager Kearns, it is a fact. If Jack doesn't recall a name it's "How are you, Doc?" He has many a "Doc" among his acquaintances.

DEMPSEY looked particularly good, and, dressed in a suit of greenish checks, had the fashion plate Hob Hilliard backed into acclamation at the track. Jack has a dandy tailor. Either that or he is easy to fit. Must have peeled the clothes off last night before going to bed.

Jack couldn't pick a winner all day for the reason that he likes long shots. When Extremator came out for the Autumn Gold Cup, the two-mile race, Jack inquired about him.

"He's the champion," he was told. "Champion, eh? Can he beat Man o' War?"

Dempsey doesn't know much about horses, and he says he'll never lose anything betting on them, but he has seen and associated with Man o' War. To him he is the only race horse living. Jack spent a day with Man o' War at Oyster Bay, N. Y., in the Pennsylvania and was photographed with him in a combination picture, "The Champions." "He's a great horse," said Jack, "and I'm going to bet on him." "Only he wants to kick and bite every body around him."

Jack will never tire talking dogs. "How's your dog?" he asked a friend in the midst of all the horse scenery. "I must go up and see him." "How big is he now? Is he rough?" "I had to get rid of his brother. He took a fight and was dangerous." "Is there is one subject Dempsey will discuss any old time it is dogs. He loves them. Always has three or four around him whenever he can, and will read any story ever written about one."

MANAGER KEARNS says there is nothing in view for Dempsey at this time. He says he has theatrical offers and picture contracts under consideration but won't do anything until the law suit at Batavia is settled.

"I saw Tex Rickard last night," said Kearns, "and he had something to say about a fight in June next with Willard. I think Tex is planning to keep the Jersey City arena standing for outdoor bouts next summer, but that's a long ways off." "Rickard is a long ways off," said Dempsey, "but he and Carpentier are surely coming back to this country. When I don't know, I don't know." "The promoter of the Danny Fritzel and Johnny Kilbane fight in Cleveland to-day wanted Dempsey to go out there and referee. I didn't like the idea, and Jack didn't go. He might have made a mistake as referee, in trying to do the right thing. What's the use of running into unnecessary trouble?" "I would see as if the life of a champion is a hard one. All he has to do when not training, fighting or keeping wolves away from his bankroll is to kill time and pay the fancy expenses thereof."

SUNDAY SEMI-PRO GAMES.

At Piquette Grounds, Detroit: Giants vs. Royal Gables, double header.
At Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: Yankees vs. Toronto: Race, double header.
At Fenway Park, Boston: Sox vs. New York: Five Department, double header.
At Farmer Field, Farmers vs. Harbinger of Phil: double header.
At East New York Park: New York vs. Dodgers of Brooklyn, double header.
At Howard Field, Howard vs. Highland: double header.
At Long Island City, Recreation Park: Springfield vs. Island City.
At College Point, College Point vs. Corona R. C. of St. Agatha Field: St. Agatha vs. Harbinger Club.
At Yonkers R. C. of St. John: Red Caps.
At Jersey City, Monticore: Oval, (team) Point vs. Point.
At Jersey City, Italian American Field: Italian American vs. Jersey City Red Sox.
At Newark Field, Newark vs. Jersey City: Five Department.
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BIG LEAGUE LEADERS.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
Hitting—Hornby, St. Louis, .404.
Pitching—Adams, Pittsburgh, .765.
Run Getting—Hornby, St. Louis, 122.
Base Stealing—Adams, Pittsburgh, 50.
Home Runs—Kelly, New York, 22.
"Woo" Lee, St. Louis, 1.
AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Hitting—Hollman, Detroit, .391.
Pitching—Mays, New York, .735.
Run Getting—Ruth, New York, 148.
Base Stealing—Harris, Washington, 25.
Home Runs—Ruth, New York, 50.
BAREFELL TO-DAY, 3.00 P. M. POLO Grounds, Yankees vs. St. Louis—Avt.

STARS IN THE NATIONAL AMATEUR

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WILLIE HUNTER
BRITISH
AMATEUR
CHAMPION

FRANCIS QUIMET
FORMER CHAMPION

"CHICK" EVANS
NATIONAL AMATEUR
CHAMPION WHO WILL
DEFEND HIS TITLE AGAINST
A STRONG FIELD

BOBBY JONES,
THE YOUNG
STAR—
A DANGEROUS
CONTENDER
FOR THE
TITLE

Left: Evans equals a hitting record. GILBERT, N.Y., Sept. 17.—Jack Lewis, first baseman for the Omaha Western League Club, equals the world's record of 251 hits in one season, made by George Sisler of the St. Louis American League team last year.

BOB GARDNER

LIVE WIRES

BY NEAL R. O'HARA.

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The way the A's figure a double-header, they've got everything to gain and only two to lose.

World's Series notice: The National Commission this year will be 10 per cent, as usual.

Looks like St. Louis will see the World's Series from the bulletin board again this year.

Among the attractions that Harry Frazee won't stage this fall is the World's Series.

First division has never been quite so satisfactory as the division of World's Series kale.

Phillies are creeping up on the Cubs on all two cylinders.

Harlem landlords will raise the rent next October in honor of the World's Series.

Looks like the Cards just failed to perform a miracle. That's what Ponzi did.

Only miracle man that lasted for more than one season was the guy that played the part in the movies.

Official figures for the past summer show that postage stamps carried in the pocket had a sticking average of 948.

Hugmen Lose Leadership To Their Indian Rivals

Twirler of Former Team, Now Member of Braves, Causes New York Club's Fall.

By Isaac Shuman.

GLIOM provided the envy of Harlem last night, particularly in that territory lying within and adjacent to continuous to the Polo Grounds. Urban shocker, who was once a sort of cast-off from the Yankees' pitching staff, had come home in the classic manner, not only to taint his ex-friends with his success, but also to enlarge it with his unwilling expense.

From Urban's point of view his visit was replete with a coverage well nigh classic in its completeness and, therefore, proportionately sweet; but it was a bitter blow to the Yanks.

It caused them to drop once more into second place because the Indians had defeated the Senators and now they are faced with the troubling opportunity of reaching the lead rather than the troubling necessity of holding it. Of the two the latter would have been the least trying. Anyway, it would have contained less discouragement. Hence the gloom in Harlem.

Urban, who had been called the Yanks' link, was more than a link. He was also their Nemesis, for every time it seemed that the Yankees had broken away from the ill luck which had beset them, here came Urban, hard on their heels, and tripped them.

Bob Shawkey broke badly, which was the Yanks' hard luck, in the fourth, when the visitors got four runs off four hits and Miller's error, which, being a rare phenomenon, must also be counted as part of the Yanks' misfortune. They tallied two more in the sixth on four other hits off Shawkey, and during this time all time it seemed that the Yankees had broken away from the ill luck which had beset them, here came Urban, hard on their heels, and tripped them.

However, in the sixth the Yanks got a nice start. Hawks, batting for Shawkey, singled to centre. Miller immediately doubled to left and scored him. Peckinpaugh hit a high one to short left, and a scramble between Gerber and McManus, in which the former was almost knocked out, allowed the blow to go down as a

OPEN GUN FIRED IN GAMES FOR EVENING WORLD TROPHIES

First Battle of Seven for the Amateur, Industrial and Semi-Pro Baseball Titles Opens To-Day.

By Richard Freyer.

WHEN the Lexington Post 108, American Legion, baseball team takes the field to tackle the Mohawks in the final game for the Class A amateur championship of New York the service men will be supported by the army and navy. The big contests are scheduled for Ebbets Field to-morrow afternoon, and this contest will be but one of a triple header. The other games will bring together the Stamford Club, composed of New York boys and the winners of the New York Division, semi-pro, in the National Baseball Federation League, and the Beaver Falls aggregation of Pennsylvania. The game will decide the championship of these States.

There is no doubt Ebbets Field will be the scene of World's Series crowds when the gates open to-morrow for the festivities. The soldier boys, Mohawk contest will be the first game staged. Brig. Gen. Bullard, commander of the Eastern Department of the Army, will toss out the first ball for the battle. After this little stunt the General will shake hands with Admiral Huse, commander of the Eastern Naval Department, who will occupy the same box, and then the army and navy will root for the service men to give the Mohawks what Gen. Sherman said war was.

And that's exactly what the Lexington Post team intend to do, according to manager Ruditsky. But the Mohawk gang are going to have a few words to say in the matter. Mr. Hughes of the latter team states his boys are confident of victory.

"The American Legion boys won't have everything their own way," said Mr. Hughes, "and don't think they'll have the field in excellent shape as well as the other members of the team and last, but not least, we are all full of fight."

Manager Greene of the Stamford aggregation feels sure his team will win. The Yanks and the Giants are showing the other out of town clubs what New York ball teams can do, and the Stamford are not going to spoil any home town records. Mr. Greene did not think it would be necessary to play the third game. He assured us the Stamford boys would win this afternoon's contest against the Pennsylvania boys and would go right out and repeat the victory to-morrow.

The contest for the industrial championship scheduled for this afternoon promises to be a hard-fought battle. W. W. Cohen will toss out the first ball. Manager McLaughlin of the former team passed a wise cracking remark when he said his bunch would do all the expressing. "We will express our feelings by way of singles, doubles, triples and circuit clouts," said Mac, "and our pitcher will express a various assortment of inshoots, outcoursers, spitballs and fast balls that will leave the railway boys with expression."

We shall see.

The Beaver Falls team arrived in New York this morning and were greeted by several of the National Baseball Federation Committee. President Davega had things all arranged for the visiting team as they could make themselves right at home and the Pennsylvania aggregation were agreeably surprised by the reception. They were all in excellent condition and hoped to carry the championship back to their State.

The games of today and to-morrow are the first of the kind ever attempted in New York State. They will wind up a successful season of the Baseball Federation and next year the tournament will be much bigger.

Fistic News BY JOHN POLLOCK and Gossip

Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland, holder of the featherweight championship title for many years, will finally defend his title in a twelve-round decision bout at the Cleveland Baseball Park this afternoon, for which he will receive a guarantee of \$20,000. His opponent will be Johnny French, the English featherweight, who has been doing some great fighting since he came back to this country over a year ago.

The lads will begin battling at 1:30 P. M., which is 4:30 P. M. New York time. There is a vast amount of interest being displayed in the outcome of the battle, as the advance sale of tickets up to yesterday had reached \$55,000. Promoter McGinty is certain that the gross receipts will go over \$80,000. Walter C. Kelly, the sporting writer of Buffalo, will referee the contest.

There will be two twelve-round bouts fought at the Commonwealth Sporting Club of Harlem to-night. Frankie Jerome will take on Jimmie Tommasi of Elizabeth in the first bout, and Al Wilson will back up with Barney Adair in the other twelve rounder.

As the Boxing Commission of New Jersey has ordered Tex Rickard to disqualify Champion Johnny Wilson's guarantee of \$37,500 in a bank in Jersey City within 48 hours, it looks like a new fight that Wilson will now get all his money. Corporal Tom Connolly, again of Jersey City, who has been engaged to Wilson to force the commission to give him his money, declared today that Wilson will positively get his full amount.

Mildred Smith, the local heavyweight, is surely looking plenty of money out of his bottom three days. For boxing Joe Burns at East Chicago last week he drew from the new sum of \$3,750, while for his last with Pat Moore at Aurora, Ill., on Sept. 24, he will receive a guarantee of \$4,000, with no option of something thirty per cent of the gross receipts.

Paul Roemer, the French heavyweight who was the starting partner of Georges Carpentier, will engage in the final fight in this country on the night of Sept. 19. He will fight against Harry McKenna, a light heavyweight of Jersey City, in the main go of twelve rounds at the Atlantic City A. C. of Jersey City. Roemer has lost the two fights he has had in America.

A match has been arranged between Mildred Brown, the fast side featherweight, and Fern Hogan of Elizabeth, N. J. They will come to the feature bout of twelve rounds at the Newark Boxing Club on next Monday night.

Cooke, although he failed to win chief honors, captured the prize for the best first-round whole gross score in Class A. Redfield, who was looked upon as the logical contestant for honors as opposed to Cooke, never had a chance to put up a fight for the title because of an injury to his arm, the pain of which was so severe that he withdrew shortly after starting his second round.

Mrs. Vanderbeck to Meet Miss Hollins.

SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE, Pa., Sept. 17.—Mrs. Clarence H. Vanderbeck, former national champion from Philadelphia, and Miss Marion Hollins of Westbrook, won their semi-final round matches in the invitation tournament at the Shawnee Country Club yesterday and as a result will fight it out in the final round for chief honors to-day. The winner will take the Lenape Cup.

Play for Hawthorth Golf Title Begins To-morrow.

Play for the championship of the White Beeches Golf and Country Club at Hawthorth, N. J., gets under way to-morrow. The sixteen players who qualified are paired as follows: Johnson vs. Dodson, Newell vs. Fletcher, Regan vs. Tait, Osgrey vs. Hall, Hull vs. Blawie, Nolle vs. Porter, Gilly vs. Wadman, W. Hall vs. Driscoll.

The White Beeches Club is winding up the best season in its history. Next year the greatly improved course laid out by Travis will be brought into use, and it is said to be a very sporty proposition.

RACING AT AQUEDUCT MONDAY

\$5000 OAKDALE HANDICAP
FLYING FAIRY HANDICAP
AND 4 OTHER EXCELLENT CONTESTS
FIRST RACE AT 2:15 P. M.
SPECIAL RACE TRAINS
Leave Penn. Station, and St. and 7th Aves. Streets from 7th Street Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., at 12:15, and at intervals up to 1:45 P. M. Special cars reserved for ladies on all Race Trains. Also via Grand Stand, \$2.50, including Tax.

BASEBALL TICKETS
Reserved Seats and Boxes.

JACOBS
Ticket Office
Normandie Hotel
110 W. 42nd St.
Tel. Hittory 4180.

Commonwealth Club To-Night
Frankie Jerome vs. Jimmy Tommasi.
At Norton vs. Barney Adair.
ADMISSION \$1. PHONE 2517 HARLEM.

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You can't help but like them!
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